you’re taking me down (to skin and bones)

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you’re taking me down (to skin and bones)

by FlowerCitti

Summary

Hanzo never stopped having nightmares about Genji.

Or, Hanzo has a nightmare and Jesse gets to dish out some comfort to his favorite angry Shimada.

Notes

Not Beta read so I apologize for any/all of the mistakes!

See the end of the work for more notes

There was blood, blood all over his hands, on his clothes, splattered across the ground and Hanzo's lungs felt as if they were collapsing. He was sure he was choking, a heavy weight in his throat and pushing on his chest, an unbearable pressure that was unrelenting.

Genji laid in a broken heap at his feet, sliced to a point beyond recognition. He was gurgling on his own blood, cracked renditions of Hanzo's name rasping from his lips. Tears flowed down his cheeks, bleary eyes trying their best to find Hanzo's face.

Hanzo's legs gave out and he hit the ground hard enough for him to feel the sting of pain in his knees, but he was too numb to completely acknowledge it. His hands scrambled to hold onto Genji, to grab anything, his hands or arm or the shredded remains of his clothes.

Genji wouldn't stop saying his name, his strained voice struggling with the syllables but he wouldn't stop, Hanzo's name pushing through his stuttering breaths.

But then he stopped, stopped whimpering his cursed name, stopped gurgling and coughing in shaky breaths.

He stopped breathing.

And Hanzo couldn't stop himself from breaking down into sobs, screaming and grasping at his brother that he had killed himself.

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Hanzo's breath catches violently in his throat. He's sweating, the sheets beneath him sticking to his skin uncomfortably, but he feels cold. Freezing.

His breath hitches uncontrollably, chest heaving in the effort to just *breathe* . He's panicking, and he tries to calm himself but it isn't *working* . He feels as if he is drowning, lungs burning and the insistent thump of his heart in his ears too loud.

Then there's a hand on his waist and he flinches, pulling away from the contact and scrambling to leave the bed, even if the sudden movement makes him feel lightheaded and sick to his stomach.

“Easy there, it's just me darlin’.” A hand is placed on his shoulder to steady him and Hanzo freezes, taking in the sound of the familiar voice.

Jesse.

He’s in Jesse’s room, in his bed, and that voice and those hands are his. Those facts are calming, if only for just a second, because Jesse means safety, means warm, means *okay.*

The calm only lasts a brief, blessed moment.

“Hey, you okay there?” Hanzo knows he is tense, knows that Jesse can feel the taut muscles of Hanzo's shoulders under his hand, knows he can hear Hanzo nearly panting from sheer panic alone, but he is too prideful to admit to anything too quickly.

“I am fine.” Hanzo's voice is grating to his own ears, and he decides he doesn't want to hear it ever again.

He tries to pull away from Jesse, attempting to get up, but Jesse only tugs him back down gently. Always so gentle.

“With all due respect, you don't sound mighty fine.” Jesse runs a hand down Hanzo's arm, in what should have been a comforting gesture, but Hanzo just tenses more. He wants to be alone, ride out the panic in his own room and compose himself before he sees Jesse again.

He doesn't want Jesse to see him crying, he realizes, and the thought only causes his throat to feel tighter. The tears won’t stop and Jesse is too stubborn to let it go.

Hanzo hears shifting behind him and feels Jesse's chest pressed against his back. He purposely leans forward, letting his hair hide his tear stained cheeks. He wants to uphold some semblance of dignity, clinging onto the desperate need to not look absolutely *pathetic* in front of Jesse.

"Just breathe, okay?" Jesse's voice is quiet, steady and calm and *patient* . Everything Hanzo doesn't deserve, not after what he's done.

Genji at his feet, bleeding out and crying.

"Hanzo-" it was Jesse's voice, deep and thick but all he could hear was Genji, choking and wheezing.

Hanzo covers his ears, but he can't stop hearing it, hearing his little brother saying his *treacherous* name.

"Hanzo-"

"Stop." Hanzo whimpers out, throat clogged and the noise was pitiful, but Hanzo doesn't want to hear anyone ever say his name again. "Stop, please." Hanzo Shimada does not beg, but he just wants everything to *stop* , his pride be damned because he can't take another second of hearing his name.

He vaguely registers Jesse's voice becoming increasingly more worried, the warmth of his body against his back, but he's shaking and freezing and his eyes are screwed tight and he's still *crying.* He pushes on his ear even more, because everything is too *much* and he feels as if he's going to float away at any moment.

There are hands on his wrist, pulling gently (*so gentle, more gentle then he could ever deserve*), and there's a voice in front of him now and Hanzo realizes that there's no Jesse behind him anymore.

“Come on, you’re okay. You’re here, in my room, nowhere else.” Jesse’s voice is quiet and careful, soft in a way that Hanzo only hears when he’s trying his hardest to stay calm.

He doesn’t want to open his eyes, he’s afraid of what he’ll see.

Genji, cut into unrecognizable pieces and he’s choking.

Jesse with his honey brown eyes filled with all the concern that Hanzo could never deserve no matter how much he wants it.

He’s almost unsure which is worse, something he’s undoubtedly done or something that he is given so freely but will never *deserve.*

“You’re safe, come on you need to breathe.” Jesse holds Hanzo’s hands between his, large and warm and comfortable.

Hanzo suddenly realizes that he’s stopped breathing, all the breath he had caught in his throat and exhales so hard he can feel it in his chest.

“That’s good, copy me, okay?” Jesse helps Hanzo breathe, breathes in and out steadily, makes sure that Hanzo copies him.

Hanzo eventually opens his eyes, when he’s breathing correctly and it doesn’t feel like his lungs are on the brink of popping open. Jesse swims in his vision, and Hanzo has to blink away the tears. He’s too exhausted to feel embarrassed anymore.

“There you are.” Jesse whispers, smiles and looks at Hanzo like he’s something worth looking at. His eyes go all soft and his face looks open when he does this, and Hanzo can’t help but be taken by surprise each time it happens.

Jesse tentatively reaches for Hanzo's face, gives Hanzo plenty enough time for him to protest or pull away. Hanzo doesn't.

Jesse cradles his face, carefully wipes away all his tears, and there's that sweet, open look on his face the whole time. Jesse holds him like he's something precious and Hanzo is tempted to start crying again.

"I'm," Hanzo's voice cracks, ugly and weak but he continues anyway, "I'm sorry." And Hanzo isn't completely sure why he's apologizing. Maybe it's for waking Jesse up so early when he knows that Jesse hardly gets any sleep as it is, if he's apologizing for being this horrible burden that Jesse doesn't deserve having to deal with, or if he's apologizing for all the terrible things that he's done and that he's not the person that Jesse needs or deserves.

"No, honey you're fine." Jesse pulls Hanzo forward, places Hanzo's face on his shoulder as his flesh hand runs up and down Hanzo's bare back, warm and comforting.

Jesse rocks them back and forth slowly, and it makes Hanzo feel small, but for once not in a bad way. Jesse climbs back onto the bed, lets go of Hanzo for only a second before he's holding him again, wrapping a blanket around the both of them. Hanzo wraps his arms around Jesse's shoulders, presses closely into his warmth until he stops shaking.

"Do you wanna talk 'bout it?" Jesse asks quietly, and it's in a way that feels genuine and not a simple courtesy.

Hanzo hesitates, because Jesse should know by now it's always the same thing. Even if Hanzo has refused to say anything about his nightmares thus far Jesse surely must *know.* Despite the slight bumpiness of their first meetings, and how Hanzo would have insisted that someone who dresses up as a cowboy is stupid, Jesse really isn't.

And of course Jesse knows what happened, knows what Hanzo had done to his own brother, but Hanzo is not eager to remind him of all the reasons that Jesse shouldn't be here, shouldn't be with him, shouldn't be so close to such a horrible person.

Hanzo exhales, closes his eyes, and knows that it's the least that Jesse deserves for being woken up at god knows what time. "It was about Genji." He grits out, and is already loosening his hold on Jesse, half expecting Jesse to push him away any moment at the reminder.

Jesse doesn't, he holds Hanzo closer instead, only hums and gives room for Hanzo to continue. Hanzo doesn't know what to do with that, isn't even sure what he's supposed to say because he half expected to be kicked out by this point. Or maybe Jesse would simply get up and leave, do anything to get away from Hanzo's absolute train wreck of emotional problems.

Hanzo suddenly has the petulant need to make him leave, to recite all the horrid things he had seen in his dream in vivid detail, make sure that Jesse knows *exactly* who he's holding so close. He wants Jesse to be as angry with him as he's angry with himself.

And so he does, says in a flat voice, "I could barely even recognize him, cut apart and bleeding so much that you could drown in it. He kept saying my name, choking on his own blood, and I had done *nothing* ."

He tells Jesse how Genji was a fool, that he had deserved it, it was Hanzo's *duty* , (*all lies, none of what happened was deserved, and it was always Hanzo's fault, never Genji's*). His voice shakes, the traitorous thing, but now he's sure that Jesse is going to push him away, leave because that's what he's *supposed* to do. He doesn't, of course, because when has Jesse ever done what you expect of him?

"You don't believe that." Jesse says, runs a hand soothingly through his hair, "I know you regret what happened, *you* know that too."

Jesse is right, Hanzo knows he is, because Hanzo pays for his mistakes with every breath that he takes, but he does not want Jesse's sympathy or his understanding or his *gentleness* . Jesse is supposed to be angry, is supposed to yell and let Hanzo know that everything that he is receiving should be taken away.

"Why are you not angry?" Hanzo finds himself saying, ever so blunt without completely meaning to.

Jesse seems briefly surprised but it does not deter him one bit, “You don’t need that, especially not right now. Me gettin’ angry won't fix anythin’, now will it?”

Hanzo scrunches his brows together, can’t help but feel the slightest bit annoyed that Jesse’s voice is completely steady and sincere, “I would not fault you if you were to find yourself angry with me.”

Jesse huffs, and Hanzo can feel his smile against the side of his head, “I ain’t got any reason to be mad at you darlin’, all the bad things you’ve done are in the past and it ain’t like you’re not repenting for ‘em.”

“Jesse-” Hanzo starts, and Jesse is already cutting in before he can begin explaining all the reasons why Jesse should be upset with him. It’s as if Jesse already recognizes his tone of voice and disallows him to say anything else.

“Now, I know exactly what you’re ‘bout to say and I ain’t havin’ any of it.” Jesse chides, makes it sound playful and fond and something tight unwinds in Hanzo’s chest without his permission, “You’re a good man, and I know you’re trying your best and everyone else here knows that too. All of us have done things we regret, I’ve had my own rocky moments, but it’s what you do next that defines you.”

Hanzo can’t help but smile just the slightest bit, “Which cartoon did you get that one from?”

Hanzo can feel the rumble of Jesse’s laughter from where he is pushed up against him, “I’ll have you know that it was perfectly original and perfectly correct.” Jesse becomes more serious when he continues, “But, really, Genji has forgiven you. You just need to learn how to forgive yourself, now.”

Hanzo has heard that so many times, from Genji, from a select few Overwatch members who have decided to make it their personal mission to be some sort of therapist to him, and of course he’s repeated it so many times to himself that he’s almost numb to it. Though, coming from Jesse it somehow seems so much more tangible, a bit more doable than it previously was.

“I am not sure that I can.” Hanzo murmurs, finding himself ashamed, that he can’t do one thing that would take more burden off of Genji, off of Jesse, and off of everyone really.

Jesse begins to pull back, and for one terrifying second Hanzo believes that he has finally decided to leave. Jesse must somehow notice, and Hanzo would be annoyed that Jesse can read him so well now if not for the fact he’s flooded with relief when Jesse wraps his arms more securely around him.

“‘M not leaving Hanzo.”

Hanzo does not recoil at the use of his name this time, instead he’s almost grounded by it, as if he’s remembering that there is still something, some *one* , tethering him to this place and not his nightmares.

Jesse looks at Hanzo, catches his eyes and makes sure that Hanzo is listening. “You’re not alone in this, I’m here, the team is here, and Genji is too. You’re gonna be fine.” And with how Jesse is smiling Hanzo miraculously finds that he believes him, and everything feels just that little bit lighter.

Hanzo sighs, wants to protest, go on about how unredeemable he is, but he’s tired and Jesse is warm and solid in front of him and he forgets what he was going to complain about.

He nods instead, “Okay.” He mumbles, quiet but purposely more forceful, letting Jesse know that he is genuinely considering his words. Hanzo feels better, loosened and pulled apart then put back together again better than before.

“Good.” Jesse murmurs, and he pulls Hanzo back against him until Hanzo is laying on top of Jesse. It can’t be a completely comfortable position, having most of Hanzo’s weight on top of him, but neither of them complain.

Hanzo sighs, tucks his head under Jesse’s jaw, and falls back asleep.

All that marks his dreams is a cowboy and a warm laugh.

End Notes

So, this has been in my docs for over a year and I finally got around to finishing it lmao

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